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SUMMER 1994

Vol 1 No 1

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3 The third issue of **THE DARK SIDE** was published in May 1992. It featured a special double-page spread on the topic of 'The Dark Side of the Moon'.



4 The fourth issue of **THE DARK SIDE** was published in June 1992. It featured a special double-page spread on the topic of 'The Dark Side of the Moon'.



5 The fifth issue of **THE DARK SIDE** was published in July 1992. It featured a special double-page spread on the topic of 'The Dark Side of the Moon'.



6 The sixth issue of **THE DARK SIDE** was published in August 1992. It featured a special double-page spread on the topic of 'The Dark Side of the Moon'.



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EDITORIAL

Hello and welcome, ladies and gentlemen - I assume that takes care of most of you. Here we go with the first issue of *Scream Queens Illustrated*, the magazine that's better than a weekend's sunbathing at Chernobyl. Some of you may have seen the American edition of this mag on sale in specialist outlets at around a fiver. If you haven, you'll no doubt already realise that the UK version differs in a number of ways. On the production side we have more colour pages, and a pull-out poster rather than a Playboy-style gatefold. On the editorial side we have added many new features based on the UK audience. Good, eh? Most of you will probably be asking yourself why we went to the trouble of reprinting portions of an American mag rather than doing our own thing completely. There are many reasons. First of all, we very much liked the look of *Scream Queens* when we were sent a specimen copy by its Stateside publishers, Bob Minkheim and John (Night Of The Living Dead) Russo. Secondly, we liked the fact that it didn't have the UK distribution enjoyed by the decidedly "winger" *Femme Fatales*.

John and Bob wanted access to the

UK market, while we wanted access to lots of very poor of Americans screen queens to supplement our own British coverage. A deal was struck, and the result is what you're holding in your hot sticky hands (and it had better be the mag if you don't want hairy palms and double vision - plus a kick up the backside from your mum!).

Negotiations with Bob and John were no problem at all. But getting *Scream Queens Illustrated* into your local newsagent was! It was submitted to the big chiefs, and they turned their nose up, saying they simply weren't interested in stocking any other galle magazines. Without their aid we were now restricted to putting a relatively small quantity of product out through bookstores, newsagents and specialist outlets. Then we realised we could go another route and sell *Scream Queens* exclusively through its sister magazine, *Dark Side*. This has worked very well with our popular - though much smaller - *Love Slave*. And of course it means we don't have to give any of the cover price away to distributors.

We decided to have a crack at this, and therefore the mag you are reading must have been purchased direct from us. Thanks for your support, and an even bigger thanks if you also subscribed. If enough

orders/subscriptions come in that way then we'll continue to sell exclusively to *Dark Side* readers. If not, then we may start sending it out to a few shops. As always, our first is in your hands.

Now let me say a few words about the *Scream Queens* phenomenon. It started in America some years back, when starlets like Lorna Quagley and Brinke Stevens began having their bits on screen. These girls were a far less inhibited than earlier, "classical" screen queens like Fay Wray and Mary Martin, who exercised their lungs in a far more refined fashion. And this new breed of bloodthirsty babe was just as likely to play an aggressor as she was an innocent heroine, carried off by some



hungering maniacally with diabolical intentions.

To be perfectly upfront about this - since most of today's horror movies are that way - a lot of these gals couldn't act their way out of a paper bag. But hey, they all look damned right better in the nude than Sir John Gielgud!

We'll be trying to strike a sensible balance between the new and the old here, with features on Eurotrash, Hammer Glamour, and classic B-movie stars like Franco and Belita alongside the superb Dan Golden photo-sets that will be winging our way from the States. As always we want to hear from you about the kind of jobs you want to see interviewed/profiled within these pages. We'll gladly do our best to track them down for you - it's a dirty job, but if somebody has to do it I would rather it was me!

In the meantime, make sure you save this issue because not many were printed and it's sure to become a collector's item. If you've pulled out the centrefold to pin on your wall, then maybe you should buy another copy to file away! We never make an opportunity to try to get you to spend more money!

That's enough waffle for now. Just relax and dive into the first issue. We think that a woman's body is a temple - and it's time to stand services!

Allen Bayper



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SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED

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LINNEA QUIGLEY'S

SKIN! THE BOOK



SCREAM QUEEN Linnea Quigley will soon debut a new book with a catchy, campy title: **SKIN!** It's intended to be a spoof of Madonna's book **SEX**, which created such a world-wide furor. **SKIN!** will show plenty of it, and you're getting your first look at it right here in the pages of **SQE**.

In case your name is Rip Van Winkle and you don't know who Linnea is, she's the heartthrob who was crowned "Queen of the B's" by **PREMIERE** magazine.

She's had specials devoted to her on **ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT**, **THE REPORTERS**, **P.M. EVENING MAGAZINE** and **HARD COPY**. She has 29 films to her credit, including **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD**, **SAVAGE STREETS**, **VICE ACADEMY**, **NIGHT OF THE DEMONS** and **INNOCENT BLOOD**. An avid animal rights activist, Linnea lives in Hollywood with her dogs, Mondo and Spatz, who are nowhere near as strange as the creatures you see her posed with here!

Photographs by Dan Golden



"Mine are Bigger."





*Pregnancy
doesn't suit
everyone,
I suppose...*



*Have you
seen the new
SCREAM QUEEN
Nipple Print yet?*



ST II



*That's
nice...
Now
don't
you
dare
bite!*



INTO THE BLACK

by Matthew Jason Walsh

SHE CAME TO HIM OUT OF THE RAIN, RAIN THE COLOR OF RUST... OR WAS IT BLOOD?

For Shane, it all began when the hooker approached his car.

Even from far away, she had appeared to be nothing more than a child, a small, thin, fragile young woman with wavy white-blond hair and full lips painted a bright, glittering red. Her eyes were rimmed with too much dark makeup and they stared right past Shane as she slowly walked towards him. A drizzling rain fell from above, glittering in the dull orange glow of the sodium-vapor street lights that lined the street, glittering as a few larger drops were caught in her hair, set there like a sprinkling of tiny diamonds. Shane watched her, considering her, his hands locked in a death grip on the steering wheel of his elderly Plymouth Duster. He had never spoken to a hooker before. He didn't know what he would say to her.

The girl stopped by the Duster's passenger-side window and leaned down a little, peering through the drizzle-streaked Set-T glass at him. She thumped on the glass with her knuckles, and Shane somewhat reluctantly reached over to roll down the window for her. Tiny drops of dirty rain instantly peppered the interior of the car.

"Did I wake you up?" the hooker asked, in a soft, almost inaudible voice. Her eyes continued not meeting his, they nervously scanned the inside of the Duster for a gun, a knife, maybe a police radio or a badge left forgotten on the dashboard. Shane had none of those things. The girl still did not relax.

Looking in her eyes, he saw a universe of pain and despair, dragging him down to it's terrible depths.

Shane considered the question for a moment. Had he fallen asleep? He couldn't remember anymore. In fact, he remembered very little after the horrible accident at the lab, after the police had come and asked him all of those questions...

Dr. Garrett, what exactly was the nature of this experiment?

"Mind if I come in for a minute?" the girl asked, breaking Shane's concentration. She was now looking nervously around, possibly afraid someone might be watching them, though the street was nearly deserted. A thin, elderly man wearing a dirty black ski cap was shuffling

down the glittering wet sidewalk, pushing a rusty shopping cart. He was mouthing something to himself, something about his "old sweet Adelaide". The girl considered the old vagrant for a moment, then ignored him, turning back to Shane. He nodded, and she quickly hopped into the Duster's passenger seat.

"What's your name?" she asked, casually enough.

"Shane." His mind was drifting again, back to the lab.

"I was watching you over there while you were asleep." The girl shrugged. "You look like you need a friend. Do you?" Though it was meant as some sort of proposition, the girl's words came out trembling and hesitant, a child reciting something she might've picked up on TV.

Shane stared at her for a few moments. It seemed that he could see, trapped within her eyes, the dual images of a man's fist coming down, striking soft flesh, tearing skin, breaking bone. What did they do to you? he wondered. And why did you keep letting them do it?

"What's your name?" he asked her. His own voice was thin and weary, grinded from lack of sleep.

continued on next page

"Anika," the girl replied quietly, staring out of the passenger window.

"Anika," Shane repeated, rolling the name over his tongue. There was something vaguely familiar in that name, whispering through his mind like an ice-flecked arctic breeze.

She turned to him. "You know, it's getting late out. If you're not interested, I can leave."

"You want to...go someplace?" Shane asked, hesitantly. He could feel something drawing him closer to the girl...a terrible, undeniable urgency, threatening his bones with its power. His hands gripped the steering wheel even tighter.

"We can stay here in the car, if you want to," Anika whispered to him. "I've done that before."

"Let's go back to my place," Shane offered. The idea of making love to the girl in the drizzling, alien, urban darkness repulsed and frightened him somehow. What frightened him even more was the idea of touching the girl at all. Looking in her eyes, he saw a universe of pain and despair, dragging him down to its terrible depths.

What's happening to me? he wondered desperately.

What exactly was the nature of this experiment? echoed the police detective's voice in his head, as if answering him. Through the impenetrable veil of red mist that blurred his memories, he remembered blood...so much blood...and screaming...

"Are you okay?" Anika asked him softly. She was pressed back against the passenger-side door of the car, as far away from him as she could get. She was trembling slightly, as if from the cold. She was waiting for him to hit her, Shane realized.

"I don't know," he replied, and started the car.

His apartment was a mess. The upholstery of the chairs and matching sofa in the living room had been ripped open, and their yellow-white insides had been strewn all over the floor. Shredded bits of his old magazines and newspapers fluttered everywhere. Somewhere in the darkness—all of the lightbulbs in the

apartment had been shattered—Shane could smell the damp, sweet, sickening smell of decay. The food in the refrigerator had gone rotten. Dirty dishes and cups had been shattered, covering the dirty linoleum of the kitchen floor like bomb rubble. Someone had been here. Perhaps it had been the police, or the FBI, or worst of all...himself, during his blackout...

Dr. Garrett, what exactly was the nature of this experiment?

The glow of distant streetlights filtered in through the lowered blinds that covered the apartment's windows, casting scattered patterns



of dull white light over the walls. In this light, the girl's identity was all but obscured, except for her huge, black-rimmed eyes, which stared up at him with nervous anticipation.

"This is your apartment?" she asked him hesitantly.

"Yes," Shane replied, feeling suddenly distant, feeling as if he were watching these events unfold before him on a movie screen in some dark, desolate theater.

"Did someone break in while you were out?"

It was a long time before Shane could respond to her question. "I don't know," he told her, truthfully enough.

"Maybe you should call the

police."

Shane squeezed his eyes tightly shut, trying to block out the images that rose suddenly in his mind: the blood-splattered tile walls of the lab, a horribly mutilated body lying on the floor, Shane himself crouched over the body, covered with blood, screaming...

Dr. Garrett, what exactly was the nature of this experiment?

Advanced mental awareness, Shane murmured, almost like a litany. All he wants at this point is for the police to leave so he can wash the blood off of himself. Stimulation of the left side of the brain, stimulation of dominant ESP and telepathy potential...

And how, pray tell, did you get authorization to use a human subject in this experiment?

The necessary papers were signed. It was all legal.

Legal to the point of death?

Godamnit, it was an ACCIDENT!!! Shane screams at the homicide detective. Can't you see that? Can't anybody see that...

"No police," Shane turned to face her. A bar of light fell from a nearby window, across her eyes, which were larger than ever. They glittered like black marbles. He felt drawn to those eyes, galvanized by their desperate, hungry power.

"Are you...are you going to hurt me again?" Anika asked him, small and frail in the darkness.

"Again?" Shane was frankly confused at this point.

"Yes, again," the girl confessed, and slowly began to cross the started darkness towards him. As she walked, she casually slid out of her leather jacket, hitting it full to the cluttered floor below. Now, the pale, porcelain curves of her bare shoulders bared in the darkness. "That's why you brought me here, isn't it?"

"I don't understand..." Shane began, but his voice clicked off in his throat, stopping him. He could feel the girl's power, a sweep of autumn leaves whirling through the exposure of some ancient mindlessness, blowing over him. It enfolded the girl's slender frame like the billowing arms

of a tornado, or the final breath of a corpse, forced out of its paper-dry lungs with the pressure of death.

"You do understand, Shane," she corrected him softly. "You just chose to forget. Or maybe you blacked out. Like you did in the lab."

Shane's stomach lurched with a sudden surge of fear. The lab. What did this girl know about what happened in the lab? "Who are you?" he asked her, his voice hoarse, utterly devoid of reason. "Some kind of undercover officer? Did the police send you?"

The girl shook her head in firm denial and then began to unbuckle her blouse. She was now only a few terrifying inches away from him.

"The police believed your story, Shane. And the college backed it up, of course. They certainly didn't want something like that to dirty their good names."

"How is God's name do you know all of this?" Shane gasped. He desperately wanted to turn around and begin clawing through the wall behind him with his bare hands.

"Someone died... didn't they?" Anika whispered to him. "During your so-called experiment?"

"It was legitimate!" Shane protested. The words were ripped out of him. Part of him was screaming inside, he had to be drowning all of this. Somewhere, he was sure, there was a warm, safe, daylight reality in which his apartment was intact, the horrible, nightmareish accident at the lab hadn't occurred, and this girl was just a dim shadow from a bad dream. He wanted to be there very badly. "I don't care who you are, it was legitimate! I swear to God it was! None of the new chemical enhancers were even used until we tested them out on the animals first! Whatever happened back there was an accident!"

"And what exactly was the nature of this experiment?" the girl asked him, getting ready to slip out of her blouse. Shane's blood ran utterly cold.

"You were there," he rasped. His throat had squeezed shut, threatening to choke him.

"Oh, yes," replied Anika, nodding vigorously.

"What do you want from me?"

"A kiss," the girl murmured, opening her blouse for him. Beneath its silken folds, a horrible purple light spilled out, illuminating the room with its bruise-colored glow. Shane tried to scream, but all that came out was a high-pitched whistle of air. "That's all. Just a kiss..."

Shane looked up, into the girl's eyes. They had become utterly black.

Somehow, he managed to tear himself away from those eyes and find the apartment door. He heard Anika calling his name as he ran, stumbling over the remains of his possessions, but he wouldn't let himself turn around, not once, not ever. He tumbled with the door and almost fell into the dark, cavernous third-floor hallway of his apartment building. He forced the door shut behind him. Anika's voice, wheezing with the autumn winds of her power, blew through the corridors of the hallway...

Shane felt the low, rumbling presence of some terrible power, getting closer by the second.

"Don't you want to see what you did to me, Shane?"

"Leave me alone!" he screamed over his shoulder, and mounted the stairway. Something followed him as he descended, something huge, dark, and utterly cold, tugging at his ears, trying to pull him back towards his apartment. He felt the nearly irresistible lines of force, pressing against him, making his feeble attempts at escape. The row of windows that lined the building's staircase exploded in rapid succession around him, crackling with cold purple light. Shane reached one of the shattered windows and pumped, almost without hesitation. His stomach lurched with vertigo, and the dark, singlinglistering street screamed towards him as he fell.

A second later, he hit the pavement. A horrible pain exploded

in his right leg as it snapped from the force of impact, breaking with the same ease as a piece of chalk. Shane shrieked in agony, groping at the shattered leg. His fingers found the sickeningly jagged point of his shin bone, poking from a hole in his knee. Around him, the streetlights seemed to be revving like the streamers of some celestial Maypole, eaching diffuse rainbow trails in the murky darkness. He shook his head, trying to clear his vision. The illusion persisted. A dirty spray of drizzle washed over his face, drowning him.

"I'm dying, he thought, with cold, utter clarity.

"Shane..."

In his pain, he finally remembered. The body lying on the floor of his lab had been that of a young girl named Anika Secord. She had been a psych undergrad in class next to his, and Shane had fixed it with the dean's office to offer her the equivalent of a hall Master's in psychology in exchange for acting as the human subject for the final phase of the experiment. Reluctantly, she had signed the necessary documents and agreed to do it.

Somehow, that experiment had killed her. But how? Shane fought to remember.

Shane looked up at the apartment building before him. Purple light exploded from every window, shattering them with its unstoppable force. Glass fell in a glittering, razor-sharp shower, fragmenting into dust as the shards detonated against the sidewalks. People screamed from within, frightened, begging for their lives. Beneath the surface of the sidewalk pavement, Shane felt the low, rumbling presence of some terrible power, getting closer by the second.

"I'm sorry," he whispered to Anika. "I'm so sorry..."

And suddenly, the power around within the building erupted in a dull, monstrous ball of purple light, shattering the sky, buckling the pavement around him like cardboard. Shane screamed, one final time, as Anika's eyes shone down

continued on next page

from above, twin orbs of utter blackness filled with despair, larger than the sun or the moon could ever be. Within those eyes, he saw double images of his own face coming down, striking soft flesh, tearing skin, breaking bones.

The streetlights were infused with violet streamers of energy and exploded. There was a terrible squall of power that whipped through the street like a hurricane wind, twisting metal and glass with its force. The night was gone; a vicious, dull purple light reflected from the buildings, the crumbling pavements, the slick surfaces of the street. A man was running down the sidewalk, clutching his face with both hands. Black-red blood streamed between his

In the drizzle-glistening darkness of the streets, he rode around, hunkered over the wheel, staring directly in front of himself. Strange noises erupted from his chest; some of them were giggles, some were muffled sobs.

fingers, dribbling onto the pavement, moving with the dirty run.

Amos wouldn't take the final dose, Shane remembered now, at least. She wouldn't take the final dose, and so he had injected it into himself. And in his blind, drug-induced rage, he had ripped her apart with his own hands. Later, the police would be led to believe that the young girl, hallucinated by the delusional effects of the experiment, had inflicted those terrible, lethal wounds herself. And now he and Amika Second were bound together, for all eternity, by the strands of telepathy that reached from his own mind into the blackness of death itself. She was his crime.

"I just wanted to know you."

Those eyes descended upon him, and Shane went into the black.

He was behind the wheel of his Duster again. In the drizzle-glittering darkness of the streets, his rods around, hunched over the wheel, staring directly in front of himself. Strange noises erupted from his chest, some of them were giggles, some were muffled sobs. Most of his hair was white now, but that didn't really matter anymore. All that

mattered was that he kept his eyes from looking anywhere but directly in front of himself. Because she could be there, couldn't she? On any street corner, in any storefront, waiting for him, waiting to kiss him...

Dr. Garrett, what exactly was the nature of this experiment?

He vaguely remembered the horrible events that had occurred that night in the lab. The police had been there, staring at him with disbelief as he lay crouched upon the floor, over Arjun's bare, mutilated body, covered with her blood. And they couldn't see her, no matter how hard Shiva tried to make them see. Finally, he fled, into the darkness, before they could restrain him, before they could convince him that he had

had seen wasn't real. Before they could point to the various needle tracks in his own arm and tell him that there was no human subject in his experiment...except for himself. But that was crazy, wasn't it? Wasn't it?

He decided it was better not to think of that. It was much better to drive, to keep moving, to become lost among the decaying buildings and cluttering streetlights, until those horrible memories crept back into the black from which they came.

"Don't let me fall asleep, God," he prayed to himself, and continued to drive, into the darkness, into the black. ❧

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BUY-SELL-TRADE



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THE SCREAMING ROOM

—by Tom Brown

Prolific independent filmmaker J.R. Bookwalter first gained national attention with his incredibly ambitious **THE DEAD NEXT DOOR**, a tribute to Romero-Zombies if there ever was one, complete with a cavalcade of gross-out effects and bizarre characters in a low-budget movie that largely realized its big-budget aspirations. Sam Raimi kept the flick going in its difficult gestation period with heavy cash contributions, helping to spawn what turned out to be a wildly funny horror movie that takes the "walking dead" premise and runs with it until it explodes in maniacal mayhem.

After **DEAD NEXT DOOR**, Bookwalter teamed up with David DeCoteau, and found himself up to his armpits in low-budget frolic. The result was a bevy of films shot on video for under two-thousand dollars each—including the post-production costs!

J.R. readily admits that he has no one to blame but himself for agreeing to and turning out these "quickie" flicks that were quickly forgotten—had it not been for the fact that they all exuded a certain charm and gave evidence that genuine talent lurked

behind their budgetary constraints. That Bookwalter & Co. actually completed these movies under such abysmal conditions is amazing.

OZONE heralds Bookwalter's determination to concentrate on more commercially viable productions, originating either from his own production company or from other talented people in the U.S. Recently, I screened the trailer from **OZONE**, and it gives ample evidence that Bookwalter is about to make a lot of established industry people sit up and take notice. After the screening, I talked with J.R. and with screenwriter David Wagner about their latest brainchild.



J.R. Bookwalter's New Movie is about an **OZONE** that Destroys People.

THE MEN BEHIND OZONE

Gentleman, give me a brief summary of what OZONE is all about.

DW - Well basically you have this cop who becomes unwittingly the victim of the same drug, an incredibly nasty substance capable of creating some pretty weird physical and emotional effects on the user. Mr. Policeman is accidentally exposed to Ozone during a raid. The remainder of the film finds the cop in a feverish attempt to learn everything about this drug, including its manufacture and origin. Along the way he encounters some pretty bizarre characters, including a "John-the-Hot" look-alike who took one Ozone dose too many. Further complicating his "quest for knowledge" is the fact that he too is undergoing some unsettling transformations.

Where, sounds pretty intense! Who or "what" was your inspiration for such a film?

JR - I guess you could say that there's quite a bit of Cronenberg in OZONE, but there are several other influences as well, working together to give the movie an original "look." Not being a big fan of Cronenberg—

Gasp. Shudder—

JR - I don't want to give his style of movie-making too much significance.

DW - Cronenberg's VIDEOGRAPHY was a large influence on my original draft (shudders)—the one in print before I.R. got his mitts on it.

Which reminds me, just what did J.R. bring to your story?

DW - Oh, mostly a bunch of extra cbs; you know, explosions that like that.

Explosions? Now that's something really missing from one of J.R.'s earlier cop-sci-fis, MAXIMUM IMPACT. I know the writer of IMPACT. He was devastated that J.R. chose to eliminate a certain key "explosion" in the story. I guess he didn't fully realize that J.R. had a budget equal to that of a Jr. High Video Club project.



William B. Hunt/James Black/Pete is a physical vision of swelling self-determination. © OZONE. Photo: up effect by David P. Burton

JR - I would like to completely forget about anything and everything I did after DEAD NEXT DOOR, including MAXIMUM IMPACT.

All right, let's get back to OZONE. What were some of the more challenging production problems?

JR - For one thing, OZONE is the fourth film ever produced for under a half-million bucks that feature "morph" effects.

Define "morph" effects.

JR - A "morph" effect is one in which a physical feature changes before your eyes, as in TERMINATOR II, for instance, rather than having a cutaway prior to the final effect shot. OZONE also contains many effects involving manure, pyrotechnics, and so on. I went all-out for this film.

Sounds like it. What was the budget on OZONE?

JR - I'll put it this way: it cost less than DEAD NEXT DOOR, but considerably more than anything I've shot since.

What about casting?

JR - I found myself having to go back to all my trusted friends who've worked on my previous films, but few of them were available for this one anyway. I think they had had their fill of low-low budget stuff shot on video, and bailed despite the fact that I told them OZONE would be shot on film. The people that have been involved in the past, and were there for OZONE as well include James Black, Tom Hoover, Bill



Morrison (Bill Morrison) transforms into a ghastly creature thanks to Ozone.



In one of the movie's scary moments of the film, Eddie Bauer (James Earl Ray) comes face to face with a mysterious woman named Jessica (Loni Searels) in a bizarre instant sexual encounter. Mutual transformation makeup by Brian Sipe

Morrison, Michael Cagrell and James L. Edwards. New faces include Loni Searels and Michael W. Bentley.

What about technical people?

[R] - Pretty much it's my standard chain handling the effects. Bill Morrison and Vince Rosetti share makeup honors, with

some sniffling additional effects provided by David Burton and his model FX operation in Hollywood. OZONE is scored by Matthew Walsh, who offers a much more complex soundtrack than ever before. The music will include strong orchestral material as well. I felt OZONE's powerful story demanded a really involved score.



OZONE's protagonist has a hapless partner (Jason Andrew Morton) losing his head over the fatal drug. Shaded effects by Vince Rosetti

You're excited about "Ozone," I can tell.

[R] - There's a lot to be excited about. I've worked my ass off on this project, while keeping my distribution company active, my magazine THIS IS NEXT up to date, and other production assignments like THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD - 25TH ANNIVERSARY DOCUMENTARY on schedule, so I could release that much anticipated film in time for the Zombie jamboree in Pittsburgh later in August.

So, what's next for the two of you?

[R] - There are two projects that I'm going to choose from SANDMAN which is an all-out costume-feature, and a sequel to THE DEAD NEXT DOOR.

And the street date for OZONE?

[R] - It should hit the streets on October 20th, but don't expect to find it just anywhere because of certain policies and politics running rampant within the video industry, not everyone will carry it. You'll have to look, or email still, order it from specialized magazines and distributors. OZONE will retail for \$29.95. 

All photos © 1991, The Suburban Times Co. OZONE shadow photo courtesy of Wayne A. Harvill



FANTASY GIRL

DISCOVERY

**down home
country girl**

ROBIN PHILLIPS

We think you'll all agree that this issue's "Fantasy Girl Discovery" is quite a find! Lovely 23-year-old Robin Phillips has ample talent to go with her fantastic face and figure. She uses aerobic exercises to stay trim and fit, and she also trains and shows championship horses. On top of all that, she's the sexy lead singer for a country-and-western band called "Outlawed Country." She says she has a song in her heart "for straight shooters only." Sometimes she even writes her own songs, and hopes someday to make it in Nashville. If singing and songwriting don't lead to her big break, she has her professional modeling and acting career to fall back on.

Height: 5'7"
Weight: 120
Score: 7-8
Bust/Waist/Hips: 34/24/32
Hair: Brown. Eyes: Brown.



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Photography by Bill Suttle

Coffin & Special Effects Make-Up by Bill Randolph

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*Sometimes a guy can
get lonely...
Lately for love, lately for sex...
But the wrong kind of lonely
Can lead to the deepest kind
of loneliness
The loneliness of death.*

There's this house, see? I mean, maybe it's one house, or maybe it's many houses that all look exactly the same. A big old rundown Victorian house with lots of cracked and weathered gingerbread and flaky, peeling paint. It's in San Francisco. It's also in Bangor, Maine. It's in a back alley in your hometown. And yours.

It exists everywhere in lots of different places at the same time. Or at different times. But it always looks the same.

You only see it once.

Then you die.

Gorgeous women live there. Sexy women. The most gorgeous sexiest women you'd never want to see.

Never? Why would you want to never see them if they're so gorgeous and sexy?

Because they're dead. That I can guarantee.

I never go in their house. I just watch for it, hoping I won't ever see it again, but always knowing I will eventually. Inevitably. I've seen it lots of times, lots of places. But seeing it again always gives me a shiver. A shock.

Seeing it again never makes me feel horny and comfortable. Know what I mean?

It ain't exactly that kinda place.

These gorgeous sexy women run a 500 line out of their house. They run ads in the men's magazines. LUSCIOUS WOMEN WAITING FOR YOU. LUSTING FOR YOU. HOT AND READY FOR ALL YOU CAN GIVE. PHONE 949-826-7473.

Look at your phone buttons. What can you spell with those numbers, 832-7479?

I'll give you a clue. IT AIN'T ALIVE. But it looks better than life—warmer and more wonderful than life itself. And it has fangs.

There was this guy named Bert, see? He was a regional salesman for a video distributor. Not one of the huge national distros with Stallone and Schwarzenegger megahits he sell to the megachains, just a risky-disk distro with a slate of schlocky exercise flicks hosted by Jane Fonda wannabe's without Fondaish looks and charisma and movie value. So Bert wasn't a big deal financially. He was slick-looking, though. All his dough went into his threads, his razor cuts, his flashy rings and Rolex watch. He was thrice divorced because his ex-wives all got hip to the shallow mind, the greed, the cruelty behind his syrupy good looks.

At this time in his pre-midlife crisis, those good looks were starting to erode. But he was too hung up on himself to notice. He still thought he was the cat's pajamas. It was getting harder and harder for him to score, but he attributed this to the woman-hating mood he'd secretly been in, ever since his last divorce, which had happened six months and three days ago.

One night he checked into a motel on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, ate half a pizza washed down with Jack Daniels, got drunk and horny and belchy, and thumbed through the "Personals" in a local rag. He spotted the oft-cited 900 ad, dialed the number, and found himself talking to someone by the name of "Beverly" who had a very arousing, seductive voice.

Very arousing and seductive, indeed. She asked if he could come and pick her up.

He said, "Let's skip the night on the town, huh? I'm ready for some hot action now, babe."

She said, "Don't worry, I know what



JOHN HENNINGSEN



you need, Bert, and I'm going to give it to you. Nobody can give it to you the way that I can."

He agreed to come over and pick her up.

She gave him directions to an address on the South Side of Pittsburgh, an old ethnic neighborhood full of charming restaurants, boutiques, saloons, and so forth. It turned out she lived in the old Victorian house I described earlier, with cracked and weathered gingerbread and flaky, peeling paint.

He sang the ball.

She let him in.

She was lovely. So were her two roommates.

Housemates.

In that old Victorian house.

Bert watched, utterly fascinated, as they stepped out of the smoky blackness, out of their crimson-lined coffins.

He didn't know why he couldn't move.

Couldn't blink.

Beverly and the other two had him frozen in their cool, fleshily sexy gaze, like a cobra-hypnotized mouse.

They had a deep, raging interest in group sex.

But what they found most sexy...was death.

Bert's death.

Their fangs penetrated him the way he might've dreamed of penetrating them.

And it thrilled them just as much...or even more...as they satiated themselves with the conscious rapture of sipping his warm red body fluid. ☛

NOTE: A full-length screenplay for *2-800-VAMPIRE* is being developed by Imagine, Inc. This erotic tale of Gothic horror will feature lovely vamps like the ones in this article, capable of sending fingers up your spine and other parts of your anatomy.



A CELEBRATION OF TIMELESS TERROR...

Zombie Jamboree!



Wow! It's hard to believe it's finally over! Never did so many people wear three-day non-stop smiles.

John Russo must've signed 2,000 autographs. So did Judy O'Dea, Karl Hardman, Marilyn Eastman, Russ Sommer, Keith Wayne, Kyrn Schen and Bill Hinzman. They were thrilled at the sight and sound of legions of fans getting such a big kick out of one of the most entertaining horror extravaganzas ever held.



"They came from Germany. They came from Manhall. They even came from beyond the grave."

—PGH POST-GAZETTE

George Romero caused a sensation when he arrived at the Pittsburgh Exposition Friday morning. Long lines formed immediately when he sat down at the autograph table. He never got up for the next eight hours, not even to go to the john, because he didn't want to disappoint the die-hard throngs of people who were asking to meet him and shake his hand.



Everybody seemed to feel that they got more than their money's worth, whether shopping for rare **NOLD** souvenirs and getting their names signed by all the cast and crew, taking a midnight cruise via the Gateway Clipper on the Monongahela River, parties

They **NOLD** at Cast Panel Discussion Middle Left: George Romero signs autographs Middle Right: Zombie Make-Up Contest Bottom Left: **90** Rhonda Stevens boards the Zombie Breakout Cruise as Bottom Right: **90** Lucina Quigley waves bon voyage!

gating in interactive panel discussions with the many celebrities, scooping out the lovely daisies in the Screen Queens Contest, or laughing—and shuddering—at the gory, salivating ghasts in the Zombie Makeup Contest.

Media hounds all secured a good, juicy story, and came out in full force to cover the Silver Anniversary. Some of the fans found themselves on the front page of USA TODAY's entertainment section. Others found themselves on the radio or on TV. Or in the wild, crazy Zombie Jamboree Video being directed on the scene by Horror Hall of Famer John Russo.

As predicted well in advance of the event, the march of zombies and fans toward Pittsburgh was unstoppable!

And FRIDAY THE 13TH's Jason (Kane Hodder) even joined up with the zombie army! So did Screen Queens Brinke Stevens and Lorian Quigley, PLAYBOY's Suede (Plasma) Owens, Gunnar (Leatherface) Hansen, David (Darth Vader) Prowse, and Adam (Barbar) West.

The PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE raved, "They came from Germany. They came from Munich! They even came from beyond the grave!"

Cohen Wilson was on hand, perhaps gathering inspiration for one of his famous, macabre cartoons. So were noted artists Olivia De Berandinis and John Casanova.

In the words of Douglas E. Winter writing in FANGORIA's tribute to NOLD on its 25th Anniversary, "More than just another low-budget shocker, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD was a reflection of its time and set new standards for screen terror. Like primitive art, its mélange of ambivalence and enthusiasm, narrative and chaos, give it outline, immediacy and realism, producing an intensity that Hollywood's slick milliners could never have replicated."

That sums up quite well why this birthday party for a genuine horror classic was such a rary, triumphant treat! ☛



Far Left: Kane Jason, Hodder signs photos. Middle: Cheryl "Darth Vader" Prowse looks over at Adam "Barbar" West signs Suede's Albert/Typh's Suede "Plasma" Owens. (Middle) Gunnar "Leatherface" Hansen. (Bottom) Tom Savini leads a DAWN OF THE DEAD Tour.





"NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL 'STIFF'!"

Brinke



on Brinke

One of today's top Scream Queens,
Brinke Stevens bares her soul
(among other things!)

Photographs by Dan Golden and Ken Marcus



I'm genuinely proud of all my chaste photographs—and equally delighted to hold the "Betty Page of the '90's" title! In my college years, I used to be asked at a secluded beach in San Diego. On those warm summer days, I would fantasize about someday appearing in *PLAYBOY* or *PENTHOUSE* magazines. Soon after I came to Hollywood in 1980, I actually did shoot various features for both publications. It was quite an honor to work with some of the finest glamour photographers in the world, including Ken Marcus and Jeff Dumas. They helped me to bring out my own natural sexuality and taught me how to "seduce the camera". I'm so glad I've done those gorgeous layouts, and I love the fact that many men find me alluring. Sometimes daydreams really do come true!



Before I was fully known as a "Screen Queen," I did a lot of "actin'" work for movies. I quickly learned that I could only earn \$35 a day as a clothed "extra" in a crowd scene, yet up to \$1,000 as a nude "extra" in a shower scene! For that reason—since I was struggling to support myself—you'll see me taking lots of cinematic showers, in such films as *PRIVATE SCHOOL* and *THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE*. Given, a devoted fan even sent me a flirty pink towel for my birthday! I've also done several "nude" vignettes for *PLAYBOY* Channel, which probably turned me on as much as my viewers!



My first B-movie role was in Roger Corman's *SLEEPER PARTY MASSACRE* (1969). They needed about 12 pretty girls to take showers and then die horribly, so I landed that job quite easily. Some of the young actresses had agreed to do nudity at their audition (anything to get a part!), but then balked at exposing themselves on the shooting days. In an act of pointless defiance, they covered their breasts and privates with gaffer's tape (ouch!) to foil the voyeuristic camera. Our larceny director, Amy Jones, was understandably frustrated with these prudish porno detestals! Nudity has never bothered me, and I think it's really helpful in catching a fan's eye. Everyone enjoys a good tease now and then, right?

During the early 1980's, I modeled for my favorite artist Dave Stevens, who was my husband at the time. I posed for all the "flirty" drawings in his *ROCKETEER* comic books. (In a sense, Jennifer Connolly is playing me in that movie, I suppose!) I've also modeled for great fantasy artists like Boris Vallejo and Clyda Caldwell, who dressed me in exotic chainmail bras and neckers. All of these talented guys really know how to glorify the female body!











The scariest modeling session I ever had was for a famous photographer, Peter B. Kaplan, in New York City. He took me up to the 34th floor of an old skyscraper in Times Square, where I posed, nude, on a nine-inch-wide ledge—at rush hour! It was a very cold December day, and I was shivering so hard I thought I'd fall off. The most amazing thing is that nobody seemed to notice me up there—I guess that's typical for busy New Yorkers. But I think I really earned my "on the brink" status that time! The following year, Peter called me from San Francisco and asked me to pose atop the Trans-America Tower (a tall, pyramid-shaped skyscraper)—but honestly, I just didn't feel the need to risk my life again. "for art's sake."

I feel "sexiness" doesn't depend on the size of your body, but on how you use it. When I was a scientist in San Diego, I looked like a nerdy little girl with glasses and a ponytail (sort of like "Marti" in NIGHTMARE SISTERS!). It was a big thrill to later explore my own sexuality and physical charms on camera. Now, bold actresses like Sharon Stone are making "sexy" scenes more acceptable in our conservative era. I resent it when "sexiness" is mistaken for pornography. My personal feeling is this: If you don't appreciate it, then switch the TV channel, turn off your VCR, or close the magazine—but please don't decide what other people can or cannot see! After all, this is still a democracy, right? ☛





It's In The Cards

— by Jim Lynn

I've written this first column probably four times before tossing it out and starting over. It seems that writing about new card sets so that it will still be worth reading two months down the road is not an easy thing. My first attempt detailed a card set that has now been released, with a *Kosmos* numeral after the title in the second rewrite. I praised a card set that will not be released. It seems that the intelligent thing to do is to not build this column around card sets and promo cards that will hardly be news when this magazine hits your mailbox. I will try to give you some predictions about prize trends and new product development, but I think that the most promising attack will be to pass on mentions of unique collectibles and one-of-a-kind promos and to pass on conversations with manufacturers and dealers that are involved with the non-sport industry on a day-to-day basis. If you have any sugges-

Airplane Series 2



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tions for topics or news to pass on to the other readers, please contact me care of this magazine.

NEW TOYS

Well, maybe not a new concept, but this is the first time that I've seen those thermographic coatings applied to an adult card. . . . Decisive Marketing has released a six-card set, *Video Vixens II*, of what appears to be black

How would you feel if you bought a new car for \$10,000 and found it on a discount lot in the fall, new, but selling for \$400.

boys in a coal mine eating licorice. The cards are totally blank and almost jet black. Ah, but there's the rub! (Sorry, Willy.) These cards are boring until you apply a little body heat. The card back suggests using a blow-dryer but I think that's cheating. If you rub real hard, you are rewarded with images of some of "Alternative" Video's hotter ladies.

Airplane Series 2



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When you stop rubbing, the cards slowly darken and the ladies fade away. . . . I would tell you that I played with these cards for hours, but you are probably familiar with the adage about simple minds and simple toys. These beauties were printed in a limited run of only 750 sets and retail for about \$25.00. Contact Bill Marks at Escalibur for more details (215) 242-6812. Also ask him about *Infinity's* new *Bare Asses* set.

What else is new? Imagine, Inc., will follow up *Scream Queens III*'s hot off the press sell-out with a fourth series. *Comstar* Bob Michelucci says that they are negotiating in order to bring you images from some of the movies that made these ladies famous. *Queens* in the first place. Look for it sometime this fall. Also on the works from Imagine are sets featuring: *Fantasy Girls II* (*Exotic Ladies*), *Girls Next Door*, *The Barry Cee, JFK - The White House Years*, *Cuba Lexxity*, *Wild Wild West*, *The Dick Van Dyke Show* (Cooch, Rob), and a *Spring Break* set due in February. Come

Richard Corbin



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Images is continuing its illustrated card set streak with a new set from Luis Royon's imagination titled *Fantasy To Reality*. This set is due for release in October along with a set titled *Sachs & Violence* and a November set titled *Richard Corben*, featuring the work of the prolific illustrator, Richard Corben. Set V comes from the minds of George Perez and Peter David. **Cometstone Communications, Inc.** has discovered color with their second series of *The Avengers*. **Sports Time Card Company, Inc.** is prepping us for a *Marilyn Monroe* set with a one per case genuine diamond mounted on a hand-crafted card. (Diamonds are a girl's best product tie-in.)

LAST CARD

It's not roses to anyone, but promo cards seem to be more in demand than some of the card sets that they are supposed to *displace*. Case in point, I've seen *Bauch Harnier* Promo sets trading at more than the complete set price. Where this trend

From Fantasy to Reality



will end, I'm not sure, but the collections are in a feeding frenzy over what may be the last truly limited-edition cards produced outside the small publishing houses. I now see publishers shouting that they are limiting their press runs to 750 cases. This may not seem like a lot of cards until you multiply 750 times 34 boxes times 36 packs times 10 divided by 90 (average set size). That's 72,000 sets! Compare this to an average *Scream* Queen run of 7,500 sets and you begin to see why the small publishers like Images, Excelsior and Infinity Press can hold their own with the mega-sized card publishers. The aim of this column will be to highlight those small houses and quality sets that won't show up in the discount shops next month. (Not to point fingers at anyone, but someone brought a full set waaah box of a certain role playing card set into work that they had bought in a "Everything Under \$1.00" shop.) This can't be good for business, but the main sufferer is the collector. How would

Sachs and Violence



you feel if you bought a new car for \$10,000 and found it on a discount lot in the fall, new, but selling for \$400? Work out the math, that's the difference between a \$25 and a \$1 price tag. Most of the "small" publishing houses that I deal with will warehouse or destroy cards rather than DUMP them to recoup printing costs. It not only protects the collector, it seems to make better business sense. Tell next issue... What's new? ☺

Mentioned this month...

Excelsior (E!) Market
P.O. Box 14478
Phila, PA 19115

Sports Time Card Company, Inc.
21611 Perry Blvd.
Carson, CA 90745

Comic Images
Bedford Brook, NJ 07005

Cometstone Communications, Inc.
P.O. Box 18308
Tucson, AZ 85718

Images, Inc.
P.O. Box 9074
Pittsburgh, PA 15226

Sex Assembly



RHONDA SHEAR... WHAT A CARD!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN GOLDEN

Innocents are forever grateful to her. For the past several seasons, millions of late-night viewers have had a weekly rendezvous with an enticing bedroom companion guiding them through a barrage of raunchy B-movies... call them Rhonda Shear! A sexy and comedic combination of Lucille Ball, Gilda Allen, and Jayne Mansfield, Shear reigns as "the hottest with the hottest" of the USA Network's popular movie and comedy showcases, **UP ALL NIGHT**. From her oversized heart-shaped bed, she seduces viewers into watching such gems as **CANNIBAL WOMEN IN THE AVOCADO JUNGLE OF DEATH** and **A NYMPHOMANIACIAN IN DINOSAUR HELL**. Ratings have tripled since critics have taken notice of her talents. The New York Post declared her to be "far more interesting than the movies she hosts." She brings her sharp mind, sarcastic humor, and sex-bomb exterior to **UP ALL NIGHT**, prompting Total TV Magazine to name it one of the ten funniest shows in late-night television.

Shear's rise to stardom was heralded by her incredible success on the beauty pageant circuit. Garnering her first title at age 14 in her hometown of New Orleans, she went on to

win over forty major pageants, including Miss Louisiana USA. But it was the title, Queen of the Flood Trail Society, that brought her unprecedented notoriety. After she appeared fully clothed in a **PLAYBOY** layout entitled "Girls of the New South," Rhonda's crown was removed by Flood Society members who vehemently objected to their wholesome beauty queen being seen in the pages of the popular men's magazine! Although her attempts to have the title restored legally were unsuccessful, the attention thrust upon Rhonda and her humor moved her into the limelight that launched her comedic career.

"I'm just a media slut. I'm totally into performing. Radio. TV. Stand-up. You name it."

After graduating from Loyola University with a B.A. in communications, Rhonda ran for political office against the very same Flood Society member who spearheaded the campaign to dethrone her. In a hot-and-heavy high-profile campaign, she lost by only a hundred votes, but doing battle with the bluesmen paid

**USA
NETWORK'S
LATE NITE
LAMBCHOP WILL
VOW YOU IN HER
NEW SET OF
TRADING CARDS.**

off in an unforeseen way: Bob Hope took notice of her newfound fame and summoned her to Hollywood for a television special called "The Steamers." Faster than you can say "blonde bombshell," she racked up an impressive list of acting credits, including feature film roles in **BASIC TRAINING** and **Mail Brooks' SPACEBALLS**. She also guest-starred on numerous television shows, including **MARRIED WITH CHILDREN**, **CHEERS**, and **FULL HOUSE**.

With the exposure from **UP ALL NIGHT**, Rhonda's career took another giant step as she found herself headlining at The Dunes, The Sands and Harrah's in Las Vegas, as well as appearing at Caesar's Palace, Bally's Grand, and the Riviera in Vegas, Atlantic City and Lake Tahoe. She has opened for such legendary performers as Sammy Robinson, Robin Williams, and The Temptations, as well as working with George Burns, Don Rickles, John Candy, and Joe Piscopo. She performs for sold-out audiences in cruise showrooms and comedy clubs around the country, and in a television talk show herself. Recent appearances have

RHONDA SHEAR

included guest hosting THE VICKI LAWRENCE SHOW, LARRY KING LIVE, THE JOAN RIVERS SHOW, CAROLINE'S COMEDY HOUR, and EVENING AT THE IMPROV.

PEOPLE MAGAZINE said, "Shear plays bimbos, but she's no dumb!" And the Los Angeles Times noted that her "Tuesday night movie show" was one of the primary reasons that the USA Network is ranked first in cable viewership, reaching sixty million homes nationwide.

Of all this, Rhonda says, flippantly, "I'm just a media slut. I'm totally into performing. Radio. TV. Stand-up. You name it. All the single guys come to my opening nights, hoping I'll have my skirt cut to my waist. But my stand-up routine isn't the sexy stuff they see on TV. I fool them. Some of them aren't prepared for the feminist bent of the material."

Asked for an example, she quips, "I even do a couple of dumb men jokes. My boyfriend's kinda dumb. I mean, he found some of my birth control devices, some condoms and sponges...he used them to wash the car."

In reality, her boyfriend is comedian Bobby Kellton, who often appears on stage with her, and has been featured dozens of times on THE TONIGHT SHOW. Together, they've developed a hilarious routine that features "bottle of the snow" humor and even enriles their audiences in the good-natured "social conflict."

Talking about her latest PLAYBOY pictorial, Rhonda goes into a rap about the "unpleasant" of getting ready for the shoot, describing a "complete body waxing" in such satirical detail that it makes tears roll down listeners' cheeks.

She says it isn't always easy to be taken seriously as a comic when you are a former beauty queen. She likes to poke fun at her days on the pageant circuit—from which she's glad



to have broken free. "I never felt like I really fit in. I've finally been able to unfreeze the frozen smile that I had to maintain for about ten years of my life."

Even still, she admits she liked the fun, excitement, and mostly the competition of the beauty pageants. "Really you're competing against yourself, trying to be the best that you can be. Show business is a constant competition that never, ever ends, and that's exactly why I like it."

Rhonda's older sister Nona, who runs the Rhonda Show Fan/Party Club (see sidebar), fills in some colorful details about the UP ALL NIGHT hostess's early successes in the beauty-pageant days. "By a fluke," Nona recalls, "some lady asked my mother if she wanted to put Rhonda in a beauty contest. It was just a neighborhood contest, but Rhonda entered and won; she was about 12 years old. She went on to other pageants after that, and she seemed to enjoy the talent part more than the beauty competition, because she was a good dancer. There are lots of beautiful girls in these contests, but I believe Rhonda was such a sure winner because two things stood out about her besides her dancing ability: she had a megawatt smile, and she was very articulate—she could answer the questions

quite cleverly and well. So the blonde bimbo on USA's UP ALL NIGHT is a character she created because people got a kick out of it, and it's not really what Rhonda is like at all. The real Rhonda is very bright, very intelligent."

Asked where and how she discovered her talent for comedy, Rhonda says, "It came out of insecurity, really. Cracking jokes basically to keep guys from making passes at me. It pretty much started in high school. Not to be popular, because I didn't have any problems with that, but just to lighten things up. If I was at dinner with a bunch of friends who seemed uncomfortable, I'd start making jokes to loosen them up and put them at ease. So it was either to make dinner conversation or keep guys from making their hands roam. Nothing cooks off a guy faster than a punch line. Not a punch, but a punch line."

She says that she was training for a show business career most of her young life, but she didn't necessarily plan to come out to Hollywood. She dreamed of being a newscaster in New Orleans or having her own talk show there. "I wanted to be in show business, but I didn't want to leave my parents. I'm a real mommy's and daddy's girl, you know? So I just

came out here on a fluke, right after college, and I had beginner's luck and got on HAPPY DAYS and did a Bob Hope special, and once I got bitten by the bug, that was it, I was in for good. I was only about 21 years old and Hollywood became my permanent home. I came out here with five girls, and I'm the only one who stayed."

Beginner's luck might have gotten her started, but along the way she paid her dues. "I did singing telegrams when I first moved to L. A. to make money to pay for a photo session with Harry Langdon. I did it just for a summer, but it was lucrative and went really well, and it didn't involve stripping or anything like that—I called myself 'Honey Bunny' and did a spoof of a Playboy bunny. One time was pretty funny when I was doing a telegram for a bunch of guys who were in the middle of learning how to scuba dive, and they all had their tanks on their backs and were coming out of the water breathing while I was standing there singing and trying to put bunny ears on their heads."

Asked what her biggest challenge is, Rhonda replies, "It's a constant challenge to work in show business. I've always wanted it my whole life. It's a challenge just to keep working and be the best that I can be. I'm



Smiling never goes up all night! who keeps you up all night!



Smiling never goes up all night! who keeps you up all night!



Rhonda keeps you up all night!



RHONDA SHEAR

enjoying what I'm doing now, but I never know where it may lead. And I hope to be in this business a lot of years from now. Again, it goes back to competing not with anyone else but just with myself."

She says it's quite a challenge to keep coming up with new and interesting material for her *UP ALL NIGHT* bits. "We really like giving our audience something different every week, and I love that. My thing is to really go after that, and so far we've been pretty successful in coming up with pretty outrageous shows, either on location or in the studio. Each show takes six to eight hours to produce, but if it ended up looking like work, I wouldn't be happy. I want the audience to think it's as little like work as possible, so they can just sit back and enjoy it all the more."

Being a "night person" helps. Rhonda says she's always been a night person. Even in college days she always scheduled her classes as late in the afternoon as she could. "I was never a day person, so *UP ALL NIGHT* is a perfect job for me."

She's loaded with ideas and energy for new projects, though. Recently she's started a production company called *Real Hot Stuff Productions*, with her producer, Hillary Schacter, and another close friend and associate, Helene S. Roth. "We all have 'R', 'H', and 'S' in our names," Rhonda explains, with a chuckle, "so we took our cue from our initials and came up with *Real Hot Stuff Productions*. And I'm really proud of it because we're intending to produce not only projects that have to do with us, but other people are bringing projects to us, and it's exciting to be moving into another area of show business. I love being diverse. When people say you have to focus on one thing, I don't agree. I like hosting, I'd love to do a play, I'd love to do a sitcom, and more films. I'm at a very exciting point in my career right now, and I intend to keep up the momentum!"

© 1994 by Rhonda Shear

RHONDA SHEAR



RHONDA
SHEAR



**MICHELLE
BAUER**







**MICHELLE
BAUER**





SCREAM QUEENS DISCOVERY

Jo Norella Queen B of the Buckeye State

Lovely Jo Norella is a good positive that beautiful and talented actresses can be found all over America, not just in New York or Los Angeles. And this holds well for the grassroots flexing and challenging movement that is sweeping the country...

Jo hails from the Buckeye State—a graduate of Perry High School in Massillon, Ohio—where she excelled in her academic courses, but didn't at first go after formal training in dance or in acting. She says, "I come from an Italian family, and there was always a lot of dancing and singing at weddings and so on, so I guess it got into my blood."

At Perry High she was on a cheerleading squad that was anything but run-of-the-mill. Both Jo and her squad were not only district champions, but were nationally ranked. Their routines involved plenty of position dancing and flashy gymnastics, and Jo's natural flair enabled her to learn fast. "Later," she says, "after I passed my State boards and became a registered nurse, I joined the Canton Ballet and worked under Carol Hageman. She was the one who got me into theater. [I had been dancing for about nine months, and she and JETTIE was being produced by the Canton Players' Guild, and she thought I was ready to audition. I got a part as a jazz dancer, so that was my first show, and after that things just sort of snowballed."] Snowballed indeed. In rapid succession, Jo landed major roles in *PERSONALS*, *A CHORUS LINE*, *A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM*, and *THE TALE OF SNOW WHITE*.

She met her husband, Ken James, when they were both working at the Westview Theatre in Akron. Checking, Jo says, "When we did *SNOW WHITE*, I was Snow White and he was the prince. Now that

we're married, sometimes we got to work together on films. We were both in *CHICKBOXES* and *MAXIMUM IMPACT*. But he wasn't in *KINGDOM OF THE VAMPIRE* with me, because he was off doing *JEMMY* CD's."

It was a busy life for the newlyweds. They now have a son, Matthew, who was born May 8, 1992, so Jo doesn't go out auditioning as much as she used to, but she still takes interesting roles as they come along. She was recently in an episode of *UN-*

doing it here, instead of having to make the move to New York or L.A. A few years ago, I auditioned for some of the soap, and I did pretty well, but I wasn't really interested in relocating. My parents always taught me that if I put my mind to it, I could do just about anything, so they nurtured confidence in me, and a drive to succeed. I have challenges, and I love meeting the people in the entertainment business—I try to look at the positive side of every experience. You get ninety-nine no's and one yes out of every hundred tries in this business, so you need to learn not to take it personally. You just go and do your best. And if you do your best, you should feel good about yourself and get poured on the back, because sometimes flakes, and not talent, may decide the outcome of an audition. I mean, I lost a part once because I didn't have green eyes! But at least that time I found out why. Most of the time, you don't find out, and you could easily become depressed and start picking yourself apart."

Jo adds that some of the lessons she's learned in show business have helped her in her personal life. As a mother raising a small child, she knows not to get upset over all the little things.

"Even if you mess up an audition, you can learn from it instead of staying miserable. You just can't take it

personally. And if you can apply that to your own life, it'll get you through a lot of disappointments, and it'll even help you to be an example to others."

Now that you've met Jo Norella, you'll want to see more of her. She's featured in *Imagize*, Inc.'s *FANTASY GIRL* trading cards, and will also appear in the *SCREAM QUEENS* TV trading cards to be released next spring. ☛



SOLVED MYSTERIES, and played a banker's wife in *LORENZO'S OIL*. She costarred with Matthew James Hahn in John Bauer's *MIDNIGHT'S SEX, DEATH AND VIDEOTAPE*. She continues to do modeling work and TV spots, and sometimes produces, directs or choreographs various stage productions. She was also the hostess for Warner Cable's 1990 *PREVIEW WEEKEND*, a television feature in Akron.

Asked about her grass-roots approach to the business, she says, "I work for the personal satisfaction that I get from it, and I like



VERONICA
CARLSON



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IMAGINEWS



Photograph courtesy Keith Matthews

Actresses J.J. North (right) and Theresa Lynn star in *DEPRAVED*, a feature-length horror film written and produced by Keith Matthews and directed by John Schappert. "It's scary but tasteful," says Matthews. The exotic thriller chronicles the madcap ventures of a disturbed young woman named Flavie who has been deceived by her demented brother into believing that she is a vampire. Flavie is played by J.J. North, whose previous feature film credits include *BEAUTY SCHOOL* and *HOT HEADS*. She will also be featured in Volume IV of Imagine, Inc.'s *SCREAM QUEENS TRADING CARDS*. Theresa Lynn's film credits include *REVENGE OF THE NERDS 2*, *BEDTIME STORIES* and *BEAUTY SCHOOL*.



Photograph courtesy Golden Apple, Inc.

Also of *Scream Queens*, including Linnea Quigley, Brian Stevens and Debbie Dutch, recently showed up at a special promotion and autograph session hosted by The Golden Apple in Los Angeles, owned and operated by Bill Liebowitz, one of the nation's leading purveyors of horror, science fiction and movie collectibles.

Welcome to the Witch's Dungeon Horror Museum! Located at 98 Berlin Street in Bristol, Connecticut, this hall of eerie delights was created by designer Corlandt Hall "out of love and admiration for the great movie monsters." Here you can see scenes after scene of scenes from vintage spine-tinglers, including a life-size Vincent Price clad in original costumes from *HOUSE OF WAX* and *THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBBS*, Lon Chaney Sr. as *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, Boris Karloff as the Frankenstein Monster, Bela Lugosi as *Dracula*, and Lon Chaney Jr. as the Wolf Man. Corlandt Hall was only 12 years old when he decided to collect movie monsters as a hobby. Today, 27 years later, he's a successful sculptor, painter, illustrator and make-up artist who has assembled a world of magic and fantasy that also displays a touch of horror and fear for the historic. Not far from Boston, this horror museum is inexpensively priced.



Fantasy artist John Grunsard has completed a striking portrait of *DARK SHADOWS'* Jonathan Frid, prints of which are on sale through Imagine, Inc., fully authorized by Dan Curtis Productions (see ad elsewhere in this magazine).

Coming in the next issue of **SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED**

Our new cover girl is an established star - Monique Gabrielle! So in our centerfold, Michele Bauer!

More Scream Tactics, Trading Card and Video Reviews, and sexy, scary, original fiction.

Tirillating Imaginings from around the world of entertainment.

Scream Queens fan club findings.

Fantasy Girls and Scream Queens discovered and uncovered!!!



Illustration: © 1991 by Mike Minkler



Tall, leggy Stacy Warfield is one of the beauties in the recently released feature movie, **BEAUTY ACADEMY**. This bright, leather-thrusted fashion model makes the move from modeling to movies look deceptively easy! That's because she's got brains as well as beauty. In college she majored in zoology and veterinary sciences. If you find you can't get enough of her, you can see more in the hilarious video released by Howard Stern entitled **BUTT BONGO FIESTA**.

Height: 5'10"
Weight: 130
Size: 4-6
Bust/Waist/Hips: 36/28/36
Hair: Blonde Eyes: Green



Photographs courtesy Stacy Warfield

Eclectic fantasy artist Olivia will be featured in the next issue of **SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED**. Her sexy color illustrations have appeared numerous times in **PLAYBOY**. Her work is internationally known and recognized, and deservedly so. A special hard cover book of her work, entitled **LET THEM EAT CHEESECAKE**, with comments on artistic technique, working with models, and the creative process, sells for \$24.75, post-paid, from Omine Productions.



© 1991 Olivia D. Boudreau



Entrepreneur Bob Michelacci, the publisher of this magazine, in USA got himself into the sex trade to host a video promoting his company, Image, Inc., and its plethora of horror, soft and movie tie-in products.



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

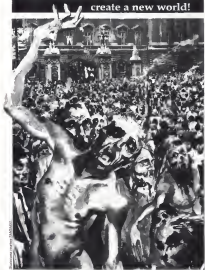


LONDON

BARKER • NILES • KASTRO

ZOMBIES INVADE EUROPE

CLIVE BARKER and TOM SKULAN
create a new world!



For Clive Barker to help create a comic book that extends the story of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, thus adding his own brand of genius to that of Romero and company, is a dream come true for dyed-in-the-wool horror fans. Who breathed life into this wild, crazy dream? How did it all come about?

Well, in the first place, Clive has always been uniquely receptive to ventures that give him room to explore new possibilities. He once said, "I've always seen the movies as being part of a whole parcel of ways in which ideas get to people. For instance, we now have a highly successful comic book investigating the worlds of HELLRAISER. We have two highly successful NIGHTSHED comics. And these are very important to me, because they're ways by which the characters run on in various ways, making further explorations of worlds I've created on the screen. So now other artists and storytellers can use the raw material available in those movies to weave their own dreams and nightmares."

With NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: LONDON, Clive got to use the raw material of a horror classic to weave his own kind of nightmare—much like a modern jazzman might weave riffs around the melody of an old standard. But the gig wouldn't have come about were it not for Tom Skulan, founder of Funcoo, Inc., a leading producer and distributor of games, books, trading cards, and other merchandise snapped up by fans of horror, science fiction and fantasy. To understand how the Living Dead got to London, it's imperative to recall how the original NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD was turned into a series of wildly popular comic books.

Tom says, "Sometime in 1986, at a staff meeting at Funcoo, we were trying to come up with a comic that should be done in black-and-white, as

continued on next page

opposed to the kind that are done in black-and-white for purely budgetary reasons, when they ought to be in color. **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** seemed like a great idea, because the film was in black-and-white and had such a terrific impact in that format. I had been at one of the earliest screenings of the film back in 1968, and I still had extremely vivid recollections of it, so I felt very comfortable in attempting to adapt it to color. We started talking to artists and putting out feelers. And then, in partnership with Imagine, Inc., in 1987, we published a **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** trading card set, and through Bob Michaelson, who heads Imagine, I started a dialogue with John Russo about the comic book project. This culminated in a formal contract that was signed in 1988.¹⁰

Tom was then faced with the task of figuring out how to retell the circumstantial story in a form that would work in the cinema. Pulling together story material, art and storyboards was much more difficult than he ever imagined, and he readily admits that he could never have done it without Steve Niles. "There were a couple of false starts that wasted a lot of time and money, and I was almost ripping my hair out trying to deal with people in Pittsburgh, Fresno, England, Massachusetts, etc. And the more frantic I became in trying to pull it all together, the more Steve helped out. Nothing in the project was easy. The primary artist, Carlos Kuzro, was in Paris, and even though it might have preserved any sanity not to deal with somebody an ocean away, I figured it was worth it because Carlos happened to be the artist whose stuff had the best look-

Talis Stannway, who did the storyboards for the first series, was very helpful also, because after we had a false start on the movie adaptation, he got my spirits back up. I had to actually obtain five copies of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, because I was burning holes in libraries by stopping the friends to take notes. I watched the flick straight through.

over 180 times. And when I got burned out, Eric came in and was able to watch it an additional hundred times. He combined all of my notes and adaptation information and did storyboards directly off the film, in a form that would work as a comic-book panel, as opposed to a film storyboard.¹²



"...I think it'll make absolutely certain that I never receive Knighthood, because it really does have a dig at the monarchy and the church of England."

THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD audio-book adaptation came on the market, it turned out, right at a time when a number of companies had decided that doing black-and-white comic books of film adaptations was a very good idea. (Nicolas Laurent, "This was not the case, of course, when we at Pantheon first decided to do such a thing, but about six months

later, before we had even talked to John Russo, a company called Dark Horse announced that they were going to do an ALIEN adaptation. And because of the late starts and the loss of time I mentioned, they got their adaptation on the market ahead of ours. There were quite a few movie-adaptation comic books in the marketplace. And I was really happy that ours did stand out. And it stood out mainly because of the art. Carlos Kester was from a painters' school in Paris, and we started at all cost to keep that original black-and-white creepy feeling that worked so well in the film—rather than turning out a comic book that was all line-drawings. We got a very favorable response from the fans, and I felt great about it, since there was so much competition by the time our comic series finally came out."

After the success of the first series of books, Skalen decided that he wanted to exercise the right *Fantaco* had obtained from John Russo and George Russo to continue the NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD story beyond what was covered in the film. He tried but failed to get the comic-book rights to DAWN OF THE DEAD and DAY OF THE DEAD. "So the idea occurred to me to just move the location completely. I mean, why stay in the United States? Let's go to London, Tokyo, Germany—wherever. We finally decided on London because it seemed very interesting to think of doing a story with a British setting. I didn't feel comfortable doing the story myself, because I'm not British, so I worked with Steve Niles to set up the sequel, called NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: AFTERMATH, where the girl makes it to the airport, and arrives in London."

Then the stage was set for Clive Barker's involvement. Fortunately, Steve Niles had worked with Clive for many years, and Parazzo already had several licensing contracts with Clive, which had established a good working relationship. So Tom Shalen phoned Steve Niles, bubbling over with enthusiasm: "I've got the

perfect person to write **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: LONDON**. We've gotta get Clive Barker. He's British, he's a horror writer, and I think he'll get a kick out of it, because he's gonna become an American effort, and he'll be getting to write something that's tied in to an American movie legend."

Skalen was delighted when his prediction came true and Clive Barker agreed to work with Steve Niles to develop a theme and story line for a two-part comic. It took careful negotiating and a lot of paperwork to pull the deal together because there were a number of famous people involved right down the line—Russo, Romero and Barker—and all their interests had to be considered and protected. But Skalen says it all went exceptionally smoothly, especially when compared to the pitfalls he experienced with the first series of books. "Jim Whiting was invaluable on the second series. He did the talent coordinating. He took over a lot of what I had done on the first series, which really helped me a lot because I needed a break from those kinds of involvement. He took care of getting the six A.M.

phone calls from Paris, and getting the lettering done, and all that good stuff.

"**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: LONDON** is a slam-bang two-part comic. It's really a rocker, it just rocks right to the end. It's loaded with elements that're quintessentially British—the Royal Family figures quite prominently! Clive really went to town on this thing. He did a fantastic job. He's a pleasure to work with. He does what he says, he's got a great sense of humor, and he has a dog. That pretty much places him in the top five of people I've worked with."

Clive Barker seems to view the collaboration in much the same light. "Tom and Steve told me they were doing **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, and they wanted to do something in London, and would I put the zombies and the town together for them. It seemed like too good an invitation to pass up. I know and like both of the guys and feel that Fantano does great work, so it seemed like a fun project. But you know, the challenge always is—can I do something fresh with this? It's

really no use telling a story if you can't provide something new."

It turned out that Clive was a bit prescient when he hit upon a story concept that heavily involves the Royal Family, because when the comic-book story was first written the hellaboo of Andy and Perry. Chuck and Ed, had not hit its full crescendo. Getting a kick out of this, Clive comments, "I think it'll make absolutely certain that I never receive knighthood, because it really does have a dog at the monarchy and the Church of England. But the Royal Family is sort of a soap opera, so why shouldn't they be in a horror comic? It's an extreme piece of work—in the anarchic spirit of Romero's inspirational horror."

"You can be anarchistic to the extreme in the comic book form, more than in any other medium. There's stuff going down in **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: LONDON** which is very different from anything that comic readers have ever seen before." ☛



SCARE TACTICS

Horror Hall of Famer John Russo in Defense of Horror Movie Makers.

REAL VIOLENCE V.S. REEL VIOLENCE

John Russo co-authored NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, then went on to write, produce or direct nine more movies, including MIDNIGHT, THE MAJORETTES, HEARTSTOPPER, and the 1990 remake of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD released by Columbia Pictures. His thirteen terror-suspense novels have been published in 25 countries, and six of them have been made into movies. Two of his books on movie-making were bestsellers and the third, SCARE TACTICS, was nominated for a Bram Stoker Award by the Horror Writers of America.

This column, SCARE TACTICS, bearing the same title as one of my books on movie-making, will be a regular feature of this magazine, and will delve into all aspects of the art, craft and trade secrets behind the writing, producing and directing of children and adults. Hopefully you will find the column entertaining and enlightening. For this very first issue, the publisher and I decided to reprint an article that I wrote a few years ago for NEWSWEEK, defending horror movies and horror movie-makers against the oft-repeated accusations that we're responsible for the violence in modern society. Most of the times my SCARE TACTICS columns will be hard-core material, not personally published. But we feel that this article would not have been seen by those of you who don't subscribe to NEWSWEEK, and we think that you ought to read it, because its message remains vital and controversial. After you've read it, you might want to write and give us your opinion.



One day I watched on the evening news just in time to see a Pennsylvania politician waving around a .387 magazine, warning reporters to back off so they wouldn't get hurt, then sticking the gun in his mouth and... Merely, the station I was watching didn't show him pulling the trigger, but I learned later that another Pittsburgh station showed the whole suicide unedited. What I saw was enough to make me ill. My stomach was in a knot, and I couldn't get the incident out of my mind. I still can't. I find myself thinking about it now and then, even though three years have gone by. I have a special reason for wondering

and worrying about blood and violence on TV and movie screens. I write, produce and direct horror movies. I was the co-author of the movie that is sometimes called "the grand-daddy of the splatter flicks"—NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. And since then I've made a string of movies depicting murder and mayhem. I can watch these kind of movies when they've been made by other people, and I can even help create the bloody effects in my own movies without getting a knot in my stomach. I can even enjoy pulling those effects off, and can appreciate when other filmmakers have pulled them off well. But yet I still retain my capacity

to be shocked, horrified and saddened when something like this happens in real life.

So there must be a difference between real violence and "real" violence. And if I didn't feel that this is true, I'd stop making the kinds of movies that I make.

My movies are scary and unsettling, hopefully, but they are also cautionary tales. They might show witches at work, doing horrible things or carrying out nefarious schemes, but in doing so they convey a warning against superstition and the darkness it can open. They might show people under extreme duress, set upon by human or inhuman creatures, but in doing so they teach people how duress can be handled and blind, ignorant fear can be confronted and conquered. On the most elemental, visceral level, my purpose hasn't been to glorify or encourage murder and mayhem, but to give horror fans the vicious chills and thrills that they crave. I believe that the best way to help keep these chills and thrills vicious is to build my stories around dynamic concepts and themes that

provide insights into the complexity of human behavior, even when that behavior is pathological. The most powerful and, consequently, financially successful horror movies—like *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*, *HALLOWEEN* and *FRIDAY THE 13TH*—feature a small cast in a confined situation that is made terrifying by the presence of a monster/madman/murderer. Usually the victims are young, beautiful women. Often the murders are filmed from the point of view of the murderer. For all these reasons, we filmmakers have been accused of identifying with the psychopathic killers portrayed in these movies and deriving vicious enjoyment out of watching the killers act out the fans' own dark fantasies.

But there are two simple, pragmatic reasons why the victims are often

filmed from the point of view of the killer. First, it's an effective technique for not revealing who the killer is, thus preserving an aura of dread and mystery. Second, it affords dramatically explicit angles for showing the victim's terror—and the horror of what the killer is doing.

These films are horrifying because they depict a frightful trend in our society. The crime rate is escalating wildly. Murders, assaults and rapes are being committed with more frequency and with increasing brutality and lack of reason. Serial killers and mass murderers are constantly making headlines. Most of these killers are men, often sexually



warped men, and they most often kill women. So we filmmakers have stuck to the facts in our portrayal of them. That's why our movies are so scary.

We have a tendency to be paranoid about our fellow human beings these days. Too many of them are turning into monsters. Contemporary horror movies have seized upon this fear and personified it. So now we have Jesus, Michael, and Freddy instead of Dracula and Frankenstein. Our old-time movie monsters used to be creatures of fantasy. But today, unfortunately, they are extensions of reality.

Recently, at a horror convention in Albany, I was autographing and selling videocassettes of a show I had hosted, entitled "Witches, Vampires & Zombies," and a young man asked me if the tape showed actual human sacrifices. He was disappointed

when I informed him that the ceremonies on the tape were fictional depictions taken from theatrical movies. He was looking for "snuff movies"—the kind that actually show people dying.

Unfortunately, tapes showing real death are widely available nowadays. A video of the Pennsylvania politician blowing his brains out went on sale just a few weeks after the incident was broadcast. But I don't think that the people who are morbidly fixated on this sort of thing are the same people who are in love with the horror movie genre. Not do I think that fans of war movies spend their time clipping photos of dead soldiers

from the pages of *NEWSWEEK*.

I'm afraid that the young man I met in Albany has a serious personality disorder. And I don't think he's really a horror fan. He didn't buy my tape, but he would have bought it if the human sacrifices were real. "Real" violence didn't interest him. He didn't care about notions of theme, plot or character development. He just wanted to see people die.

I haven't seen any snuff movies for sale at the horror conventions I've attended. True horror fans aren't interested. They don't go to the movies just to see artificial blood and gore, either. The films that gratuitously deliver those kinds of effects usually are box office flops. The hit horror films have a lot more to offer. While scaring us and entertaining us, they teach us how to deal with our deepest fears, dreams and anxieties. But modern horror movies aren't to blame for these fears, dreams and anxieties. They didn't create our malevolent Jesus, Michael and Freddy any more than the gangster movies of the 1930's and 1940's created Al Capone and Dutch Schultz. If the movies reflect, with disturbing accuracy, the psychic turmoil of the world we live in, then it's up to us to change that world and make it a safer place. ☛



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